

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

TODD HUTCHINSON, Editor.
E. E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 8.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1867.

NUMBER 23.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
[Jan 24, 1867]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

A. SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office one door east of Lloyd & Co's. [Jan 24]

AMUEL SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, west of Foster's Hotel.
Practice in the Courts of Cambria and Hunting counties. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate bought and sold, and payment of Taxes at Auction. Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, and all legal business. [Jan 24]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling, on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Feb 7-6m]

KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.
Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., on High street, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 31-6m]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended. [May 23]

DR. D. W. ZIGLER, having opened an office in the room over R. K. Thomas' store, and his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [Apr 18-4m]

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SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!!
The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!

ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the

BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA., the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!

A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a BETTER ARTICLE than all competitors, but that he can also sell

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.

A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!

Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS!
The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as

SADDLES.

FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS, BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES, HALTERS, WHIPS, BRIDLEBANDS, &c., &c.

All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.

His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him.

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. MCCOY.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers at private sale the Farm on which he now resides, situate in Cambria Township, Cambria county, containing about 60 acres, nearly all of which are cleared, and having thereon erected a two-story Frame Dwelling House, a new Frame Barn, and all the necessary Outbuildings. There is a good Orchard on the Farm, and an excellent Well of Water at the kitchen door. Only five minutes' walk from the Railroad Depot. Terms moderate, and title indisputable. Apply to the undersigned on the premises, or address

SAUEL TIBBOTT, Ebensburg, Pa.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR.—A work of real value, absorbing interest and universal popularity. The press and literary people everywhere commend and endorse it. It records the consecrated work of woman in organized and united effort, and the names of nearly 600 of our country's noblest women, with what they did for humanity and for the nation in its darkest hours. Beautiful steel portraits of a number of these ladies adorn the work, and it is acknowledged to be one of the finest works ever published. Clergymen, Teachers, Experienced Agents, and Ladies will find it to their advantage to canvass for this work. Address ZEIGLER, McCORDY & CO., 501 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa. [Jul 13-3m]

LIME! LIME! LIME!
Farmers, look to your interests! The subscriber is now prepared to furnish any quantity of good fresh

LIME ASHES!

By the car-load of 300 bushels, at the following prices:

5 cents per bushel, or \$15.00 per car, **LOADED AT THE BANK.**

Also, **Building Lime** in any quantity at reasonable rates.

All orders will be promptly attended to. Address WM. H. CANAN, ap11-3m] El Dorado, Blair county, Pa.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!!

The subscriber would inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand everything in the line of

GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY line, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES! Also, Buckskin and Woolen Gloves, Woolen Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere.

A full assortment of Candies!

Ice Cream every evening. [Jan 24]

COAL! COAL! COAL!

The subscriber is now carrying on the Colliery of Wm. Tiley, Sr., at Lily Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Cambria county, and will be glad to fill all orders, to any amount, of citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Satisfaction as to quality of Coal guaranteed in all cases. WM. TILEY, Jr. Hemlock P. O., Jan. 24, 1867.

BRICKS! BRICKS! BRICKS!

The JOHNSTOWN MANUFACTURING CO. have constantly on hand and for sale at very low prices, a superior article of

COMMON AND PRESSED BRICK!

Special rates of freight to all points on the Penna. Railroad. Address

O. N. RAMSEY, Supt., Johnstown, Pa. May 9-6m.

O. K. CURTAIN FIXTURE.

Has no superior in the world! Is pronounced faultless by all who have seen it. It is predicted it will supersede all other

Curtain Fixtures now in use.

For sale by G. HUNTLEY, Ebensburg, Pa. [Mar 21]

A Woman Hero.

From the hour when Anderson and his little band entered Sumter, their position was an extremely perilous one. Anderson's friends knew this, and were very uneasy. His devoted wife, a daughter of the gallant soldier, Gen. Clinch, of Georgia, with her children and nurse, was in New York city. She knew, better than all others, the perils to which her husband might be exposed from the ferocious foes without and possibly traitors within.

With an intensity of anxiety not easily imagined, she revolved in her mind a hundred projects for his relief. All were futile.

At length, while passing a sleepless night, she thought of a faithful sergeant who had been with her husband in Mexico, and had married their equally faithful cook. If he could be placed beside Major Anderson, in Sumter, that officer would have a tried and trusty friend, on whom he could rely in an emergency. Where was he? For seven long years, they had not seen his face. Seven years before, he was in New York. She resolved to seek him. At dawn, she went for a city directory. The sergeant's name was Peter Hart. She made a memorandum of the residence of every Hart in the city; and in a carriage she sought, for a day and a half, for the man she desired to find.

She was at last successful. In a police establishment, she found Peter Hart, and left a request for him to call on her.

Mrs. Anderson had resolved to go to Fort Sumter, if he would accompany her. She was an invalid. Her physician and friend, to whom alone she had entrusted her resolve, protested vehemently against the project. He believed its execution would imperil her life. But she had resolved to go, and would listen to no protest or entreaty. Seeing her determination, he gave her every assistance in his power.

Peter Hart came, bringing with him his faithful Margaret. They were delighted to see their former friend and mistress. Hart stood erect before her, with his heels together, soldier-like, as if to receive orders.

"I have sent for you, Hart," Mrs. Anderson said, "to ask you to do me a favor."

"Anything Mrs. Anderson wishes I will do," was the prompt reply.

"But," said she, "it may be more than you imagine."

"Anything Mrs. Anderson wishes," he again replied.

"I want you to go with me to Fort Sumter," she said.

Hart looked towards Margaret a moment and then promptly responded, "I will go, madam."

"But Hart," continued the earnest woman, "I want you to stay with the Major. You will leave your family and give up a good situation." Hart again glanced inquiringly at Margaret, and then replied, "I will go, madam."

"But, Margaret," Mrs. Anderson said, turning to Hart's wife, "what do you say?"

"Indeed, ma'am, and it's Margaret's sorry she can't do as much for you as Peter can," was the warm-hearted woman's reply.

"When will you go, Hart?" asked Mrs. Anderson.

"To-night, ma'am, if you wish," replied her true and abiding friend.

"Be here to-morrow night at six o'clock," said Mrs. Anderson, "and I will be ready. Good-bye, Margaret."

All things were speedily arranged. They were only to take a satchel each for their journey. Hart was to play the part of servant to Mrs. Anderson, and to be ready, at all times, to second her every word and act. What difficulties and trials awaited them, no one knew.

The brave, loving, patriotic woman did not care. It was enough for her to know that her husband and country were in peril, and she was seeking to serve them.

The travelers left New York on the 2d of January. None but her good physician—not even the nurse of the children—knew their destination. She was completely absorbed with the subject of her errand. They traveled without intermission until they reached Charleston, late on Saturday night. From Cape Fear to Charleston, she was the only woman in the railway train, which was filled with rough men hurrying to Charleston to join in the attack on Fort Sumter. They were mostly shaggy haired, brutal and profane, who became drunken and noisy, and filled the cars with tobacco smoke.

"Can't you prevent their smoking here?" she gently asked the conductor. His only reply was,

"Wal, I reckon they'll have to smoke."

Her appeal to two rough men in front of her was more successful. With a sweet voice, that touched the cords of their better nature, she said,

"Will you please to throw away your cigars? they make me so sick." One of them glanced at the speaker, and said to his companion,

"Let's do it; she's a lady." During the remainder of the journey these rude men were very respectful. In that train of cars, Mrs. Anderson was compelled to hear her husband cursed with the most horrid oaths, and threatened with savage violence should he fall into the hands of the exasperated mob. But she endured all heroically.

It was late in the evening when they reached Charleston. When the drunken soldiers were carried out, she asked an agent at the station for a carriage.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"New York," she replied.

"Where are you going?"

"To Charleston."

"Where else?"

"Don't know; get me a carriage to go to the Mills House."

"There are none."

"I know better."

"I can't get one."

"Then give me a piece of paper, that I may write a note to Governor Pickens; he will send me one."

The man yielded to the Governor's name. He supposed she must be of some importance, and in a few minutes afterwards she and Hart were in a carriage on their way to the Mills House. There the parlor into which she was ushered was filled with excited people of both sexes, who were exasperated because of her husband's movements. His destruction of the old flag-staff at Moultrie was considered an insult to the South Carolinians, that might not be forgiven. Their language was extremely violent.

Mrs. Anderson met her brother at the Mills House. On the following morning he procured from Gov. Pickens a permit for her to go to Fort Sumter. She sought one for Hart. The Governor could not allow a man to be added to the Sumter garrison; he said he would be held responsible to the Commonwealth of South Carolina for any mischief that might ensue in consequence! Mrs. Anderson did not conceal the scorn which the suggestion and excuse elicited. The State of South Carolina—now claiming to be a sovereign power among the nations of the earth—endangered by the addition of one man to a garrison of seventy or eighty, while thousands of armed hands were ready and willing to strike them! Pickens was her father's friend.

"Tell him," she said, "that I shall take Hart to the Fort, with or without a pass."

Her words of scorn and her demand were repeated to the Governor. He saw the absurdity of his conduct, and gave a pass for Hart, but coupled the permission with a requirement that her messenger should obtain from Major Anderson a pledge that he should not be enrolled as a soldier. The pledge was exacted, given, and faithfully kept. Peter Hart served his country better than if he had been a mere combatant.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 6th of January, Mrs. Anderson, with Hart and a few personal friends then in Charleston, started in a small boat for Sumter, carrying with her a mail bag for the garrison, which had lately often been kept back. It was a most charming morning. The air was balmy, and the bosom of the bay unrippled. Nature invited to delicious enjoyment; but the brave woman, absorbed in the work of her holy mission of love and patriotism, heeded not the invitation. Everywhere were seen strange banners. Among them all was not seen a solitary Union flag. She felt like an exile from her native land.

Presently, as the boat shot around a point of land, some one exclaimed,

"There's Sumter."

She turned, and saw the national ensign floating gently over it. It seemed, as it waved languidly in the almost still air, like a signal of distress over a vessel in the midst of terrible breakers. "The dear old flag!" she exclaimed, and burst into tears. For the first time since she left New York, emotion had conquered will. Sentinel boats were now passed, and proper passwords were given. They approached Sumter, when a watchman on its wall trumpeted the inquiry,

"Who comes there?"

A gentleman in the boat replied through a trumpet,

"Mrs. Maj. Anderson."

She was formally ordered to advance. As her friends conveyed her up the rocks to the wharf, her husband came running out of the sally-port. He caught her in his arms, and exclaimed in a vehement whisper, for her ear only, "My glorious wife!" and carried her into the fort.

"I have brought you Peter Hart," she said. "The children are all well. I return to-night." Then turning to the accompanying friends, she said, "tell me when the tide serves; I go back with the boat." She then retired with her husband to the quarters nearly over the sally-port, and took some refreshments; the first since leaving New York.

The tide served in the course of two hours.

Unheeding the entreaties of friends, who tried to persuade her to remain, and offered to bring her family to her, and the assurance of a deputation of Charlestonians, who waited upon her, that she might reside in that city, dwell in Sumter, or wherever she pleased, Mrs. Anderson started for the national capital that evening, accompanied by Major Anderson's brother. Charleston was no place for her while her husband was under the old flag; and she would not add to his cares by remaining with him in the fort. When Mrs. Anderson was placed in the boat by her husband, she experienced an almost irresistible desire to draw him after her—to take him away from the great peril. With the splashing of the oars, when

the boat was shoved off, came a terrible impression as if she had buried her husband, and was returning from his funeral. But she leaned lovingly, by faith, on the strong arm of the All-Wise Father, and received strength. Invalid, and a woman as she was, she had performed a great service to her husband and country. She had given them a faithful and useful friend in Peter Hart—how faithful and useful the subsequent history of Fort Sumter until it passed into the hands of armed insurgents, three months later, only feebly reveals.

A bed was placed in the cars, and on that she journeyed comfortably to Washington. She was insensible when she arrived at Willard's Hotel, into which she was conveyed, by a dear friend from New York, a powerful man, whose face was the first that she recognized on the return of her consciousness. After suffering for forty-eight hours from utter exhaustion, she proceeded to New York, and was for a long time threatened with brain fever.

Thus ended the mission of this brave woman. She, alone, had done what the government would not, or dared not, do. She had not sent, but taken, a valuable reinforcement to Fort Sumter. When we look back to the beginning of the great civil war, the eye of just appreciation perceives no heroism more genuine and useful than that displayed by this noble woman; and history and romance will ever delight to celebrate her deed.—*Lossing's Pictorial History of the Civil War.*

Life at West Point.

A correspondent furnishes the following sketch of the peculiarities of cadet life at West Point:—

Reveille beats at 5 o'clock in the morning, and acts galvanically upon the cadet, who tumbles out of bed, and hurries on his clothes, and washes his face and combs his hair, and puts his room in order as fast as ever he can. In half an hour thereafter, his quarters are inspected. It is well if all traces of the late slurry are then obliterated. It is well if his bed is properly folded, his chair properly tipped up, his garments in "regulation" order upon inspection pegs. Having made his salute to the inspecting officer, he devotes himself to study until seven, when he goes to the mess-room and bolts breakfast. At half-past seven he mounts guard. At eight o'clock the call to quarters is sounded. The cadet studies and recites until one in the afternoon. Then he dines. Then at two he hears another call to quarters, and studies and recites until four. At ten minutes past four the drill drum beats. The drill lasts until half-past five or six o'clock. The cadet next attires himself, in readiness for dress parade at seven. In half an hour thence he sups. He takes twenty or twenty-five minutes for mastication, and has half an hour afterwards for recreation. In this half hour the cadet has learned to pile up a perfect pyramid of enjoyment. He shakes himself clear of discipline, and "goes in" for a frolic. His gambols are checked at precisely half-past eight o'clock, when another call to quarters sends him to his room. From this time until tattoo is beaten, at half-past nine, he is expected to devote himself to study. What rest or recreation, serene or mischievous, he may substitute during the interval, in the stead of poring over books, is known only to his room-mates and confidants. If a smothered sound of revelry is occasionally heard through a keyhole or a half open window, I presume that it appeals—if it is not too noisy—to ears that from sheer pity or good nature find it convenient to be deaf. But at ten o'clock the lights go out, and the cadet turns into bed.

As he lies there, this hard studying, plucky, weary boy, a silver arrow shot from the moon faintly lights up the interior of his "quarters"—a good, barren, cleanly, orderly little apartment, rather too big for the small amount of furniture and toggery disposed in it, but just the sort of place to learn discipline and self-denial in. Things are in some disorder at present—not at all as they will be at 6 o'clock in the morning. Two alcoves are partitioned off at the furthest end, in which, upon low and homely cots, the cadet and his room-mate are respectively snoring. At the side of each of these alcoves, the coat, trousers, vest, jackets, and caps of the cadet and his companion hang upon peremptorily allotted pegs. The cad